

# The Rose That Grew From Concrete (Nikki Giovanni)

## 2Pac

[Tupac Shakur]

You try to plant somethin in the concrete, why'knowwhatImean?  
If it GROW, and the and the rose petal got all kind of  
scratches and marks, you not gon' say, "Damn, look at  
all the scratches and marks on the rose that grew from concrete"  
You gon' be like, "Damn! A rose grew from the concrete?!"  
Same thing with me, why'knahtmean? I grew out of all of this  
Instead of sayin, "Damn, he did this, he did this,"  
just be like, "DAMN! He grew out of that? He came out of that?"  
That's what they should say, why'knowwhatImean?  
All the trouble to survive and make good out of the dirty, nasty  
why'knowhahatImean unbelievable lifestyle they gave me  
I'm just tryin to make somethin..[Nikki Giovanni]

When no one even cared  
The rose it grew from concrete  
Keepin all these dreams  
Provin nature's laws wrong  
It learned how to walk without havin feet  
It came from concrete[spoken part]  
Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?  
Provin nature's laws wrong it learned how to walk without havin feet  
Funny it seems but, by keepin its dreams  
it, learned to breathe FRESH air  
Long live the rose that grew from concrete  
when no one else even cared  
No one else even cared..  
The rose that grew from concrete[spoken part]  
Did you hear..  
Did you hear about the rose that grew from a crack in the concrete?  
Provin nature's laws wrong  
It learned to walk without having feet  
Funny it seems but by keeping its dreams  
it learned to breathe FRESH air  
Long live the rose that grew from concrete  
when no one else, even cared[Nikki Giovanni]  
Keepin all these dreams  
Provin nature's laws wrong  
It learned how to walk without havin feet (to breathe the fresh air)  
It came from concrete (to breathe the fresh air)

(to breathe the fresh air, to breathe the fresh air)[Tupac Shakur]  
You see you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete  
had damaged petals. On the contrary, we would all celebrate its  
tenacity. We would all love it's will to reach the sun.  
Well, we are the rose - this is the concrete - and these are  
my damaged petals. Don't ask me why, thank God nigga, ask me how!  
Hahahaha..

Songwriters

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